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**A Tour Through an Insane Asylum.**  
[Correspondence of the Alexandria Gazette.]  
WASHINGTON, July 12, 1876.—Receiving an order from the chairman of the Government Asylum Investigating Committee to the Superintendent of the said asylum, to allow the latter and friend—two newspaper correspondents—to inspect the interior workings and management of the establishment, we drove over to the Government asylum. It is

A GREAT STately PLACE,  
built of red sandstone, standing in the midst of a superb park. The pleasure grounds are laid out with taste and skill, serpentine walks bordered with flowers, curving in and around the lawn. The view from these walks is one of rare loveliness; the whole country lies at your feet, and the scene is one of every variety beauty; cities, villages, farms, rivers, creeks and forests lie intermingled, and every object is seen with panoramic fidelity, and from this point the Potomac river appears to the greatest advantage.

Entering the hall and sending up our credentials, we were received most politely by Dr. W. H. Morrell, who informed us that Dr. Nichols, the Superintendent, was away in Philadelphia, but that it would give him great pleasure to accede to our wishes, and that we were at perfect liberty to examine everything and everybody in the asylum, and so we started on our tour.

We at once saw what an absorbing fascination there is in Charles Reade's novel of "Very Hard Cash," and the dramatic force and power with which the dread mysteries of the mad house are worked up. Few of us can read that romance without having an intense and utter longing towards those cruel brutes, who oppress and ill treat the poor helpless lunatics in their power, and whose reason and sense are like

"Sweet bells, jangled out of tune,"  
And I, for one, thought, and think still, that there is no punishment so severe for a cruel keeper or malignant attendant, who can ill use those poor creatures that appeal so strongly to our protection and sympathy.

I had listened to much of the testimony in the asylum case, and I went strongly prejudiced against the present management, and I was determined not to be put off by fair words, nor bought by courtesy and civility, and after I tell what I saw and heard, any one will see what my conclusions are. I certainly made a more minute and thorough investigation than has ever been accomplished, and I speak of what I saw without fear or favor.

Under the guidance of the Doctor and Mr. S. B. Lynn we started to the wards, and opening a door on the right of the main entrance, we entered the first floor, where

THE MALE PATIENTS WERE CONFINED.

The architecture of the asylum is simple. Wide passages run through the house, and on either side are the rooms of the inmates. One room is exactly the counterpart of the other, and every one is lighted by a large window looking out to the park. Entering them we found them clean, in fact it is very easy to keep them so, for there is no furniture but the bed, which is a wire mattress, and cannot harbor vermin; the sheets and pillow cases were white and neat, the floor was oiled, and with the slightest effort perfect cleanliness can be obtained.

The patients on this floor are of the lower order of humanity, and they talked and acted like perfectly sane people. They roamed up and down the passage, sat in the chairs, or lay on the floor. A few would come and beg to be let out, saying that they had completely recovered, but by talking with them a little while their craziness would soon be apparent. I examined all the rooms, and one or two only were in bad condition, and there were two or three sick in bed without any nurses and surrounded by the other patients, who roved in and out the sick room without let or hindrance. This was the only real negligence I saw on this ward.

There were many types of madness apparent. The morose, the melancholy, the cunning, the idiotic, were all here, but the majority were of the kind known as the listless; that wander aimlessly up and down the hall, or lay sluggishly on the floor. A rapid cut care expression is marked on the faces of them all. There was one, an aristocratic looking old gentleman, who imagined himself the President of the United States, (like Mr. Hayes,) and strolls up and down the passage with a look of profound wisdom, and he, poor soul, doubtless adding his brain over some perplexing question of State policy. It was in this ward that the unfortunate member of Congress, the

HON. MR. MELLISH, OF NEW YORK,

was confined. His case was one of peculiar sadness; he manifested for some time previous to his incarceration a fitfulness of manner that alarmed his friends, and then appeared in the Washington Chronicle in nearly a column of the most senseless, unmeaning, absurd, jingling rhymes that were ever invented, even by the brain of a crazy man. Much indignation was manifested at the action of the Morning Chronicle in publishing these lines, even though it was paid so much per line for their insertion. Mr. Mellish made a stout resistance, and it took several men to conquer him. He was borne off at last, making faces and uttering words that were not his own. He was carried to a room where he was confined, and he was there for some time.

There was another case—a poor quiet patient creature, who picks her apron and dreads to pick up a thread. Nothing moves except the restless fingers that are in motion day and night. This makes two apoplexy has picked to pieces to day said Doctor Hamilton Doctor, God bless you said a voice with an unmistakable brogue. I am praying to the Virgin day and night for you, said an old lady, and the Doctor pointed out to me her shriveled arm and aged neck. She was an epileptic patient, and in one of her fits she fell in the fire, and was fearfully burned.

On a bench there lay a woman that it simply curdled ones blood to see, and here she had her dress over her head, and lay trembling and shaking like an aspen leaf, with suppressed sobs. She had gone insane from a violent temper, and was now suffering from emotional excitement, and as she lay shuddering there, the most appalling and terrible things were passing through her mind. I never heard of a more terrible case, and it took several men to conquer him. He was borne off at last, making faces and uttering words that were not his own. He was carried to a room where he was confined, and he was there for some time.

mid's Charles the frightful torture chamber of that Charles Reade tells us of, and which we read of in the old chronicles of the mad houses of ancient times. Here were no irons and clanking chains, no cruel whip, no cords, none of those appliances to torture poor humanity.

THERE IS NO PUNISHMENT WHATSOEVER, only when a patient was suddenly inclined to dangerous, he was put in a darkened room so that he could not hurt himself or others. We opened the door of several rooms where these dangerous ones were, and the way the crowd of patients scattered showed how much they stood in fear of them. On every floor there was a bath room with shower and pudge bath. These were accessible to the patients, and they are compelled to take a bath at least once a week and to change their clothing also. The dining rooms are well swept and taken care of by some of the inmates, supervised by an attendant. I noticed carefully the physical condition of the patients, and I must confess that they were unusually plump, and looked like men always do when they are underworked and overfed.

It was specially requested by some of the "press" to have a personal interview if I could obtain it with

PAYMASTER HIGGINS OF THE U. S. N. and Miss Mary Harris, who were believed to be illegally detained. I asked for and saw Higgins, and had a long and private talk with him. I believe him to be a great rascal but entirely sane, and his desire for an examination before the investigating committee, and in the presence of Dr. Nichols, should be complied with.

Working our way back slowly we stood again in the main entrance, and I was introduced to Dr. Hamilton and carried to the women's ward.

I do not pretend to say why it is, but insanity in women is more strongly marked than in men. They are, I imagine, more emotional than men. Be that as it may, a stranger could walk through the male ward and not be struck with the singularity of action and speech, but a few seconds in the female ward would reach him that he is among crazy people. Every one of them bears to her carriage, her motion or her face, the unmistakable signs of aberration of intellect. It is a most curious and fascinating study. Each one imagines that she is sane, whilst all her companions are cracked. They can tell the most convincing and plausible tales, and almost stagger one's faith in the assertion of the doctor. The one pitiable cry is, I want to go home; and that word is repeated with a lingering cadence, of a changing inflection of tone and voice unutterably sad. We can stand stoically and see men suffer, but with weak women it is different, and the drooping figure, the tear-stained face, the bent form, the supplicating tone will linger in our memory for many a day.

The chambers of the women are not only scrupulously clean, but are well furnished with books, flowers, paintings, and works of art. Nothing, save the grated window, shows that they are not the elegant apartments of a fashionable hotel.

There is a wonderful variety of types of madness here. The violent are on one floor, the colored insane on the second, and the educated class of patients have the third floor. The first floor among the mad women was like Pandemonium, and a crowd of to king, laughing, quarrelling, crying patients surrounded us in a throng. I saw the Queen of England, said a hard-featured Irish woman, who talked alone without a moment's pause or stop. I'm the Queen of England! The Duke shall come! I'll make war! New York is mine! I am the Prince's coming! Pursuant is open! I am the Queen! and so on forever, day and night. My friend, said another, a mild-mannered motherly lady, I am going soon. My state has all been settled, and I am going to live on it. But, oh! the trouble, sir! I had; but it is over now, and you must come and see me. Here, a word with you, if you please, said another kind looking patient. Here, give this pearl to your wife from me; and she handed me a pibble which in her eyes, poor generous soul was a priceless jewel.

There was one statuette figure that moved out and gave us sign. The doctor showed her hands—horrible to relate, she had, like the devotees of Hindoostan, in her mad delirium kept them cleaved so long that the muscles of her arms had stiffened and hardened, and she had lost the power to move a finger, and had to be fed like a child.

Then there was a shy, solitary figure, whom the matron brought forward, who never could be induced to make a sound unless she wanted something; and her wishes once expressed, no human power could compel her to utter a word. My companion, who was a married man, said she was the most perfect type of womanhood he ever saw.

Sitting in a chair was the saddest form I ever beheld. The face concealed from view was hid in her hands, the long hair threading over the lone figure, which was bowed in the very abandonment of woe. The doctor said it was always so, nothing could rouse her; what grief filled her heart, none could tell—only God knows. She looked to me like Tenyson's poetical picture of Marissa of the Muted Grange.

There was another case—a poor quiet patient creature, who picks her apron and dreads to pick up a thread. Nothing moves except the restless fingers that are in motion day and night. This makes two apoplexy has picked to pieces to day said Doctor Hamilton Doctor, God bless you said a voice with an unmistakable brogue. I am praying to the Virgin day and night for you, said an old lady, and the Doctor pointed out to me her shriveled arm and aged neck. She was an epileptic patient, and in one of her fits she fell in the fire, and was fearfully burned.

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unaccountable mania the female patients had for tying up everything in bundles in the different rooms we visited. Their dresses, clothes, soap, brushes, towels, and in fact everything was neatly done up in packages and generally hid beneath their beds.

Leaving this ward, we next entered the colored women's habitation and I can truly say that in a long and chequered career of life, I never have seen anything so approaching utter horror as this. It was like being in the abode of the lost and of the eternally damned. One cold black negro, with flaming eyes, from Prince William county, Va., stood in the middle of the passage, and with wild fits of ungovernable madness, demanded her release. Shrieking and gestulating, she looked to me the very incarnation of Bedlam. Opposite her, haranguing in a stentorian voice was a burly fat black woman, who believed she was the wife of Jesus Christ. Sitting down, closely watched by an attendant, was a colored girl, with a mania for destruction; her wrists had terrible cicatrized wounds, a half inch wide, made by a clothes line rope cutting her to the bone. It was a fearful spectacle to look at. This was the way her own family kept her tied before she came to the asylum, to keep her out of mischief. Doctor Hamilton showed me the window where he had picked out with her teeth all the putty from the window panes.

Why the colored women were more violent than the rest, I don't know, but so it was. Their ward was never quiet; wild maniacs threw their arms above their heads and screamed in fearful laughter. Angry ones roamed to and fro filling the air with imprecations and curses. Some sat down groaning dully, others cry on religious excitement, others exhort and sing hymns. Others again jibbered a senseless jargon of words, or muttered to themselves. And so courses, imprecations, maniacal ranting, screams, sobs, and shrieks, all mingled, formed a volume of sound so full of horror and of woe that imagination could not invent a pandemonium more utterly dreadful than this. It surpassed the awful unwholesome rites of the German Walpurgis night, and its equal could only be found in a mad house, or in Hades. We left this part of the building with the singing noise still ringing in our ears.

I then told the Doctor that I had been asked by the newspaper men to be allowed to have an interview with Miss Mary Harris. He rather murmured, but at last agreed to leave it to Miss Harris herself, and in a few moments he returned and ushered me in his presence. Her room was elegantly furnished; pictures, articles of virtu scattered around, piles of books, papers, showed that she was a literary woman. From the window a superb view was to be had, and but for the restraint, she would have been content. Miss Harris—before I go further I will tell you who she was—her life would form the materials for a first-class sensational novel.

MISS MARY HARRIS

was born in Iowa, but lived in Chicago. She was a bright, clever, impulsive woman, high-strung, always in extremes, with no medium about her. When a girl she fell in with a Mr. Adarson Burroughs, a gentleman by birth and education, and a fascinating man withal, and old enough to be her father. He was so infatuated with the child and the promise of her ripening into an accomplished woman that he was with her constantly. He proposed to marry and she accepted. He seemed to her a man of high position and high social standing, and she was proud of him. He seemed to her a man of high position and high social standing, and she was proud of him. He seemed to her a man of high position and high social standing, and she was proud of him.

At this stage the whole affair is wrapped in mystery; their intercourse was of the Platonic kind. Not so much as a whisper of detraction was breathed against her fair face; everybody knew of the couple's love, but the subject was never mentioned. The allurement from home, and the final unexplained and silent desertion, and the sudden marriage with another.

When the wronged woman heard of her desertion she changed utterly; her former buoyant health withered away, the bloom of her cheek died out, and she became a mere form of drooping and sleep, except in fitful intervals, freed from her pillow; she became morose, distracted, and finally homicidally insane, and on the 30th of January she left Baltimore, where she was staying, came to Washington, went to the Treasury, where Burroughs had an office, entered his room and

and then fell down beside him crying, "My God! I loved him better than my soul!" Mary Harris was tried for her life. She was defended by Dan Voorhees, of Indiana, who made then the most brilliant effort of his life, and she was acquitted and placed in the asylum. After a short time she was released and again put back. A second time she was allowed to depart upon a promise never to return to Washington, and was found with a loaded pistol in her pocket, which she intended to use on a well known Washington gentleman for some fancied wrong. She was incarcerated for the third time, and is now held to keep her out of mischief. I found Miss Harris a lady of about thirty summers—mistakenly a lady—with that repose of manner that shows so well the refined woman. She is about the medium height, elegantly formed; her features are finely moulded but her eyes are the foremost lever saw in a woman's face. She had no complaints to make, only she wanted to be allowed to leave the asylum, where, she says, she is detained in defiance of all justice and right, and that she is kept in durance because of the enmity of the family of Burroughs. Her eyes filled with tears several times during the interview. I found her not perfectly sane, but I never saw a more perfectly sane case of insanity.

I could say more, but my letter is spun out to an immoderate length. I examined the kitchen, store rooms, pantry, bakery and meat house, and found them, as they have always been, perfectly neat and clean. I would believe Dr. Hamilton as soon as any one on earth. His noble, patient face, the truthful, honest eyes, and the whole appearance of the man is truth itself, and the perfect love and faith all the inmates and patients have for him show a noble character, and when such a man denies all the horrible stories set out about this institution I did what any fair minded man would do—believed him implicitly. Mr. Lynn told me that he was here for seven years and here never were any abuses.

In conclusion I will say that as far as the management of the asylum is concerned, it is perfect, and as far as Dr. Nichols goes he has been negligent of his duties. Another popular fallacy is that the officers keep patients confined after their recovery. Why they are so crowded that they would gladly discharge two hundred patients to morrow, but they must be cautious, for if any thing happens from a patient being prematurely dismissed they and they alone are blamed; and so the fearful, blood-curdling tales of cruelty, the starvation, and the torture of the demented creatures are mythical—the offspring of excited imagination and wilful exaggeration.

CHASSERUS.

**MEDICINAL.**  
**TAKE**  
**SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR**  
For all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Spleen.

After Forty Years' trial it is still receiving the most unequalled testimonials of its virtues from persons of the highest character and responsibility. It is eminently a Family Medicine, and by being kept ready for immediate resort will save many an hour of suffering and many a dollar in time and money.

**DOCTORS' BILLS.**  
Your Regulator is one of the best family medicines I ever used. I have not spent one dollar for my family for medicine in five years, only for your Regulator, and must say it does all it says it will. You can also recommend it in Colic for Stock, it having cured a fine mule of mine worth five hundred dollars.—[J. A. Nelson, Macon, Ga.]

The Liver, the largest organ in the body, is generally the seat of the disease, and if not regulated in time great suffering, wretchedness and DEATH will ensue.

If you feel DULL, DROWSY, DEBILITATED, have frequent Headache, Mouth Tastes badly, poor Appetite and Tongue Coated, you are suffering from Torpid Liver or "Biliousness," and nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently.

**Hon. Alexander H. Stephens.**  
"I occasionally use, when my condition requires it, Dr. Simmons' Liver Regulator, with good effect."—[Hon. Alex. H. Stephens, Governor of Alabama.]

"Your Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am persuaded it is a valuable addition to the medical science."—[Gov. J. Gill Shorter, Ala.]

"I have used the Regulator in my family for the past seventeen years. I can safely recommend it to the world as the best medicine I have ever used for that class of diseases it purports to cure."—[H. F. Thigpen.]

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This medicine is acknowledged to have no equal as a Liver Medicine, containing those Southern Roots and Herbs which an all-wise Providence has placed in countries where Liver Diseases most prevail.

**Lady's Endorsement.**  
"I have given your medicine a thorough trial, and in no case has it failed to give full satisfaction."—[Ellen Meacham, Chatsworth, Fla.]

**Professional.**  
"From actual experience in the use of this medicine, my practice I have been, and am, satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine."—[Dr. J. W. Mason.]

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"I have used Dr. Simmons' Liver Regulator in my family for Dyspepsia and Sick Headache, and regard it as an invaluable remedy. It has not failed to give relief in any instance."—[Rev. W. F. Easterling.]

**President Oglethorpe College.**  
"Simmons' Liver Regulator is certainly a specific for that class of complaints which it claims to cure."—[Rev. David Willis, My 11]

**FISH!**  
I respectfully invite the attention of my friends and the public generally to my NEW STORES, Nos. 22 south Union street and No. 11 south wharf, where I have on hand and receiving daily a large supply of all kinds of FISH. Just received a fine lot of MACKEREL and 200 bbls to arrive. I keep constantly on hand all kinds of POTOMAC HERRING and SHAD, LABRADOR HERRING, EXTRA SHORE SPLIT HERRING, ROUSSEAU HERRING, SCOTCH HERRING in boxes, COD-FISH.

I also have on hand a large supply of PICKLES, in bbls, (1800) bbls (1200) 1/2 bbls and pails, for family use; also MIXED CHOW CHOW and GHERKINS, which I am prepared to sell at low figures.

**SEASONABLE GOODS.**—Leadbeater's Distillers' Mixture, Leadbeater's Essence Jamaica Ginger, Lieb's Liquid Extract of Beef, Lieb's and Valentine's Extract of Meat, Tarrant's and Bodeimer's Seltzer Aperient, Genuine German Cologne, Lubin's Extracts, Fine Toilet Soaps, Sponges, Pocket Stoves, Fly Paper and Disinfectant Compounds, Carbolic Glycerine, and the destruction and prevention of FISH. Just received a fine lot of MACKEREL and 200 bbls to arrive. I keep constantly on hand all kinds of POTOMAC HERRING and SHAD, LABRADOR HERRING, EXTRA SHORE SPLIT HERRING, ROUSSEAU HERRING, SCOTCH HERRING in boxes, COD-FISH.

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**LOOK!**  
I have this day received a full line of the above, with prices to suit the times, in wooden boxes, from \$1.25 to \$9 per crate. Call on J. E. S. LEADBEATER, 72 King st.

**NOTICE.**  
I have received my Spring supply of LAND-BRETH'S GARDEN SEED at low figures. Call and examine. W. F. CROCKETT, 72 King street.

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**ATTENTION, FAMILY TRADE.**—The Sugar war is still raging. 25 bbls of ammunition just received. Supply yourselves now before it is too late. Samples and prices in show window. GEO. MCBURNEY & SON, 106 and 170 King street.

**COMBINGS.**—Save your combings and have them manufactured in Switches, Brides, Curls, Puffs, &c., at a very small expense, by experienced hands. J. FERGUSON & BROS., Hair Dress, 95 King st.

**2 HDS PORTO RICO MOLASSES.**—suitable for baking; just received; also prime New Orleans and Porto Rico Molasses, Syrups and Strained Honey, for sale by J. C. & E. MILBURN.

**LIME, CEMENT, CALCINED PLASTER, ROOFING, FELT and ROOFING PITCH** always on hand and for cheap by B. F. PEAKE & CO., 187 King st., Alexandria, Va.

**SMOKING TOBACCO.**—Occidental, Highlander, Bob White, Westward Ho, Gravelly, Durham and Rustic Baccas, for sale by GEO. MCBURNEY & SON, 106 and 170 King street.

**OILS FOR MACHINERY.**—Pure Sperm, Lard, Extra Machine and Lubricating Oil, suitable for farm and heavy machinery, all at the lowest rates. E. S. LEADBEATER & BRO.

**OUR FIFTY CENT TEAS.**—Japan, Imperial and Oolong—are decidedly better than any yet sold at that price. One trial will establish their superior quality. J. F. DAVIDSON, 147 King st.

**ENGLISH and AMERICAN GRAIN and GRASS SCYTHES,** Stones, Rides, Snaths, Rakes, &c., for sale, wholesale and retail, at 88 King street. J. T. CREIGHTON & SON.

**FLOWER POTS!**  
Just received Flower Pots, all sizes; for sale low at E. J. MILLER & CO'S, 65 King street.

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A CARD—I hereby return my thanks to my friends and the generous public for the favors they have conferred on me by their patronage, hoping by strict attention to business to receive a continuation of the same.

ICE CREAM, WATER ICES, and CUSTARDS of all flavors, from half a gallon to any quantity, made and sent to all parts of the city. Gentlemen's rooms first floor; ladies' parlors second floor. J. S. FORCE, No. 125 King street, Alexandria, Va.

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**ICE CREAM PARLORS**  
KING STREET,  
ARE NOW OPEN.

Ice Cream, Water Ices, Soda Water, Cakes, Pies, Fruit and Confectionery always on hand. Orders promptly attended to and families supplied. my 24

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**DRUGGISTS**  
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Prescriptions a specialty. English, French, German and Domestic Toilet Soaps; Genuine Eucalypti, Magnolia, Hedyotis, Geranium and Florida Water; Genuine Lubin's Extracts; Sponges, Hair Brushes and Combs; best English Tooth Brushes; a full assortment of Patent Medicines; Cox's Gelatine; Corn Starch; Sea Moss Farine; Spices of all kinds; and a select stock of all articles sold by druggists at prices as low as the same quality can be obtained elsewhere.

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DEALERS IN  
DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, GARDEN SEEDS, PATENT MEDICINES AND WINDOW GLASS.

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We offer this special inducement now to enable us to take advantage of part of our season's stock, and wait till all are supplied. Our stock of summer Dress Goods, Cassimeres, Worsted, Linens, Gauze shirts, Fans, Parasols, Victoria-Lawn, M. deilles, Piques, &c., &c., is very large and well assorted, many of them purchased in the past few weeks at a great decline on what they were earlier. An examination will prove to all that we mean business.

Goods charged at these prices must be paid for promptly on presentation of bill. Orders will be filled with care at the same prices as if purchased in person. J. H. C. SLAYMAKER CO.

**GREAT DECLINE IN DRESS GOODS.**  
We have just returned from New York with the latest styles of Dress Goods we have ever opened, some of which sold at 35c earlier in the season, but which we now offer to our friends at 25c. PLAIN BLACK GRENADES from 10c up. We have marked them on hand to meet the decline. H. C. SLAYMAKER CO.

**FOR EXCURSIONISTS.**—Wilson & Co's Cooked Compressed Beef in 2 lb tins, Bonell's Sardines of the finest quality. Put in Salt, Ham, Tongue, Turkey, &c. Get the Sicily, Lemon sugar, Lemon and Raspberry Syrup, English and American Pickles, Condensed Milk, Bay Lobster and Fresh Salmon. These goods we offer at low figures. GEO. MCBURNEY & SON, 106 and 170 King street.

**GRENADES.**—We have just marked down our line of Grenades to prices that must make them go—many of them less than half cost prices—4c, 8 1/2c, 12c up. The loss on these goods is great, but we desire to make prices that will be sure to close them out this season. Black Grenades from 12c up; a large stock. Parasols marked down to closing prices. Chance for bargains. H. C. SLAYMAKER CO.

**HEADQUARTERS FOR TABLE LUXURIES.**  
The largest and best assorted stock of Table Luxuries and Fancy Groceries in the city. The necessity no longer exists for our citizens visiting other cities for first class goods, as they can be supplied at home with every article desired and at lower prices than elsewhere. F. J. DAVIDSON, 147 King st.

**DR. J. H. McLEAN'S CELEBRATED FAMILY MEDICINE,** consisting of Strengthening Cordial, Volcanic Oil, Liniment, Chlorine, Sugar Pills, Liquid Vermifuge, Universal White Crystal Coated Pills, Candy Vermifuge, Wonderful Cough and Lung Healing Globules and Catarrh Snuff. For sale both wholesale and retail by JANNEY & CO.

**FISH!**  
100 bbls No. 1 Potomac Herring, 100 bbls Family Roe Herring, 25 bbls chad, 100 bbls Shore and Split Labrador Herring in store and for sale by W. A. JOHNSON.

**JAPANESE and PLAIN TIN WARE.**  
We have on hand a broken assortment of Japanese and Plain Tin Ware that we are anxious to close out without regard to cost at 25 King street, corner of Royal street. J. T. CREIGHTON & SON.

**CHEAP CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES.**  
Just received this day a full line of the above, direct from the manufacturers, which will be sold at prices to suit the times. Call and examine them at C. C. BERRY'S, 72 King st.

**COMMISSION MERCHANTS.**  
**PHILIP B. HOOE,**  
NO. 2 PRINCE STREET  
GENERAL COMMISSION AND SHIPPING MERCHANTS.  
Dealer in all kinds of FERTILIZERS, SALT AND PLASTER. Agent of the LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY. feb 5-4

**J. C. & E. MILBURN,**  
Wholesale and Retail GROCERS & COMMISSION MERCHANTS. No. 19 N. Royal st., cor. Market Space, Alexandria, Virginia. Orders and consignments solicited. They will receive careful and prompt attention. jy 2

**R. B. LAWSON & CO.,**  
[Successors to R. M. Lawson,] GROCERS AND LIQUOR MERCHANTS, No. 97 Cameron street, ALEXANDRIA, VA. aug 3

**THOMAS PERRY,**  
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANT AND AGENT FOR THE SALE OF FERTILIZERS, No. 17 King street, ALEXANDRIA, VA. aug 16-4

**GEO. WASHINGTON, B. J. WASHINGTON, WASHINGTON & BROTHER**  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS NO. 20 UNION STREET, ALEXANDRIA, VA. Consignments of Grain, Merchandise and all kinds of Country Produce solicited. Special attention given to all business entrusted to them. Prompt returns made. ap 24

**W. A. SMOUT,**  
DEALER IN COAL, SALT AND PLASTER. S. M. O'NEILL'S WHARF, (Foot of Princess st.), Alexandria, Virginia. feb 21-4

**J. BROTHERS & CO.,**  
No. 11 King street, Alexandria, Va. GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS Wholesale Dealers in GROCERIES, LIQUORS, PROVISIONS, SALT FISH, and PRODUCE.

Also keep on hand a general assortment of Cordage, Tar, Pitch, Nails, Lime, Packing, Oils, Lumps and Ship and Naval Stores. All orders and consignments promptly attended to, and goods forwarded without delay to consignees on arrival. Agents for Dupont's Gunpowder. XXX Ale and Porter always on hand. Agents for the Baltimore and Potomac Transportation line. mh 10-4

**FURNISHING GOODS.**  
**JULIAN F. YOUNG,**  
DEALER IN Hats, Caps and Straw Goods, NO. 80 KING STREET, Is receiving his new stock for Spring and Summer, and invites the inspection of purchasers before buying elsewhere. He fathers himself that in his selection